

STARBLAZER

FANTASY FICTION IN PICTURES No. 278

35p

ZERO'S HOUR



9 770262 240018

**DON'T
MISS**

**THIS MONTH'S OTHER
ACTION-PACKED
ADVENTURE**



NOW ON SALE

ZERO'S HOUR

STANDARD DATE-TIME 919001-42 — SUPREME COURT,
GALACTIC QUADRANT TEN — CONCLUSION OF THE TRIAL
OF ONE SLURGEL, NATIVE OF THE TEJAT WATERWORLD,
ADJUDGED GUILTY OF FORTY INFRINGEMENTS OF
CRIMINAL CODE.





INSPECTOR GROK TOOK CHARGE OF HIS PRISONER.





OUTWORLD TOURISTS — MY FAVOURITE PEOPLE. EVEN NOW I COULD PROBABLY FIND AMONG THEM A PURCHASER EAGER TO SNAP UP A BARGAIN SUCH AS THE COURT BUILDING.

ONCE A CONMAN, ALWAYS A CONMAN... BUT NOT FOR THE NEXT THOUSAND YEARS...



THERE'S YOUR TRANSPORT, INSPECTOR — ONE OF THE NEW PATROLLERS. PATROL OFFICER ZERO IS WAITING FOR YOU.

ZERO! OH NO, IT CAN'T BE.



BUT IT IS HE, GROK — THAT SAME FINE EAGER YOUNG OFFICER WHO SO ABLY AIDED YOU IN PURSUING MYSELF.

SLURGEL, SHUT UP.



INSPECTOR GROK, MY OLD MENTOR AND COMRADE OF THE SPACEWAYS. AH, THE MEMORIES CONJURED UP BY MEETING YOU AGAIN.


I SHALL BE OBLIGED IF YOU DO NOT REMIND ME.

MEET MY SECOND-IN-COMMAND, THE LATEST IN AUTOMATED PATROL OFFICERS — A.P.O., JUNIOR GRADE. I CALL HIM JUNIOR.

THOUGH I DO HAVE AN OFFICIAL DESIGNATION, BUT JUNIOR WILL SUFFICE IF IT SUITS.

JUNIOR IS PACKED WITH THE LATEST IN MINIATURISED TECHNOLOGY. JUNIOR HAS GENUINE ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE HE CAN REALLY THINK.

JUST AS WELL ONE OF YOU HAS THAT ABILITY.



SEE HOW HE CRACKS THE HATCH?
A REMOTE CONTROL LINK WITH
ALL PARTS OF THE SHIP. NO
MORE NEED OF A SHIPBRAIN AND
ALL ITS CUMBERSOME CLUTTER.
JUNIOR DOES IT ALL.

IN THAT CASE HE CAN
INSTALL MY PRISONER
IN THE FREEZER.

OFFICER JUNIOR TOOK CHARGE OF SLURGEL.

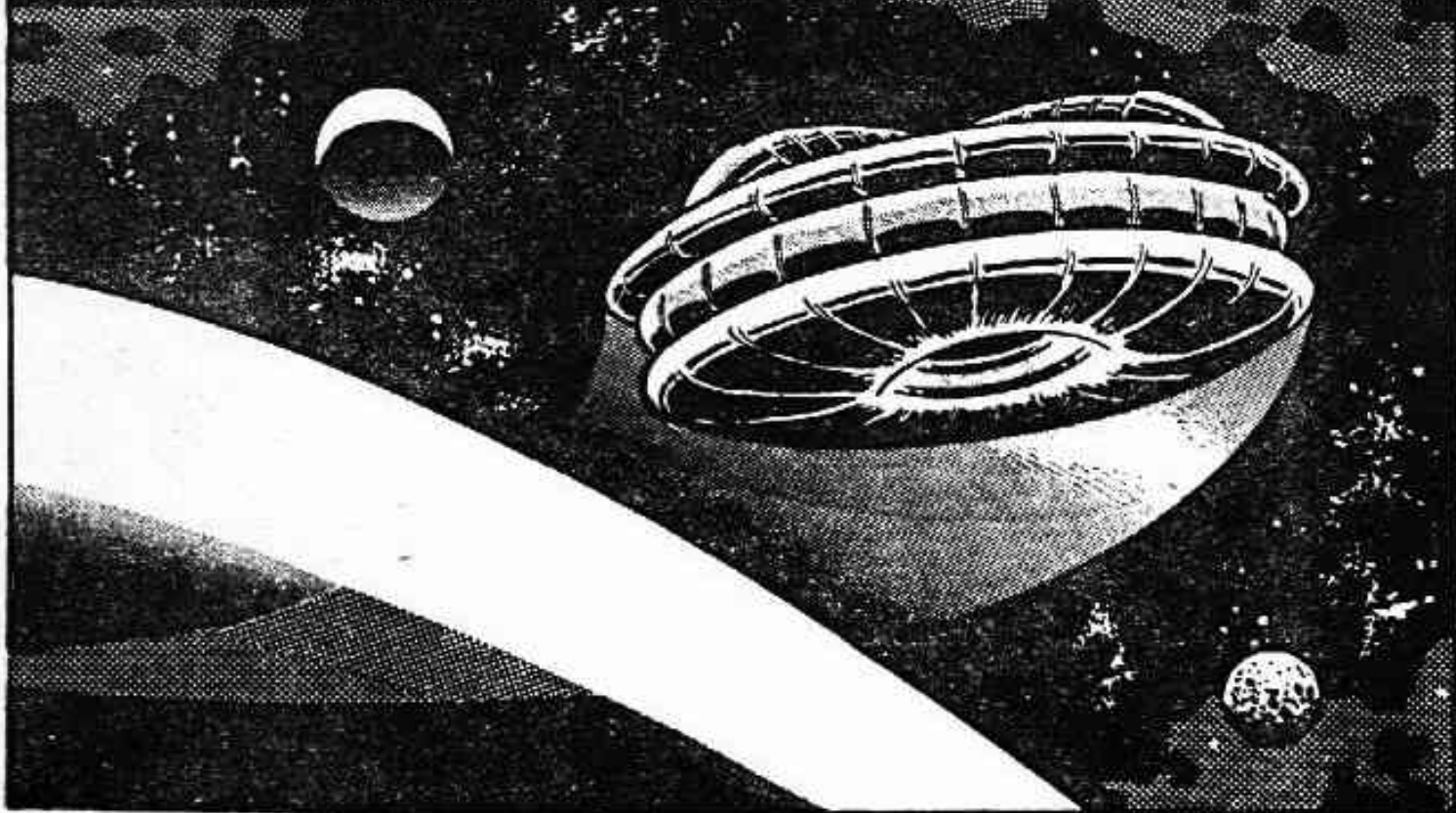
SIR, IS IT TRUE YOU
ACTUALLY ARE POSSESSED
OF THE POWER OF
ABSTRACT THOUGHT?

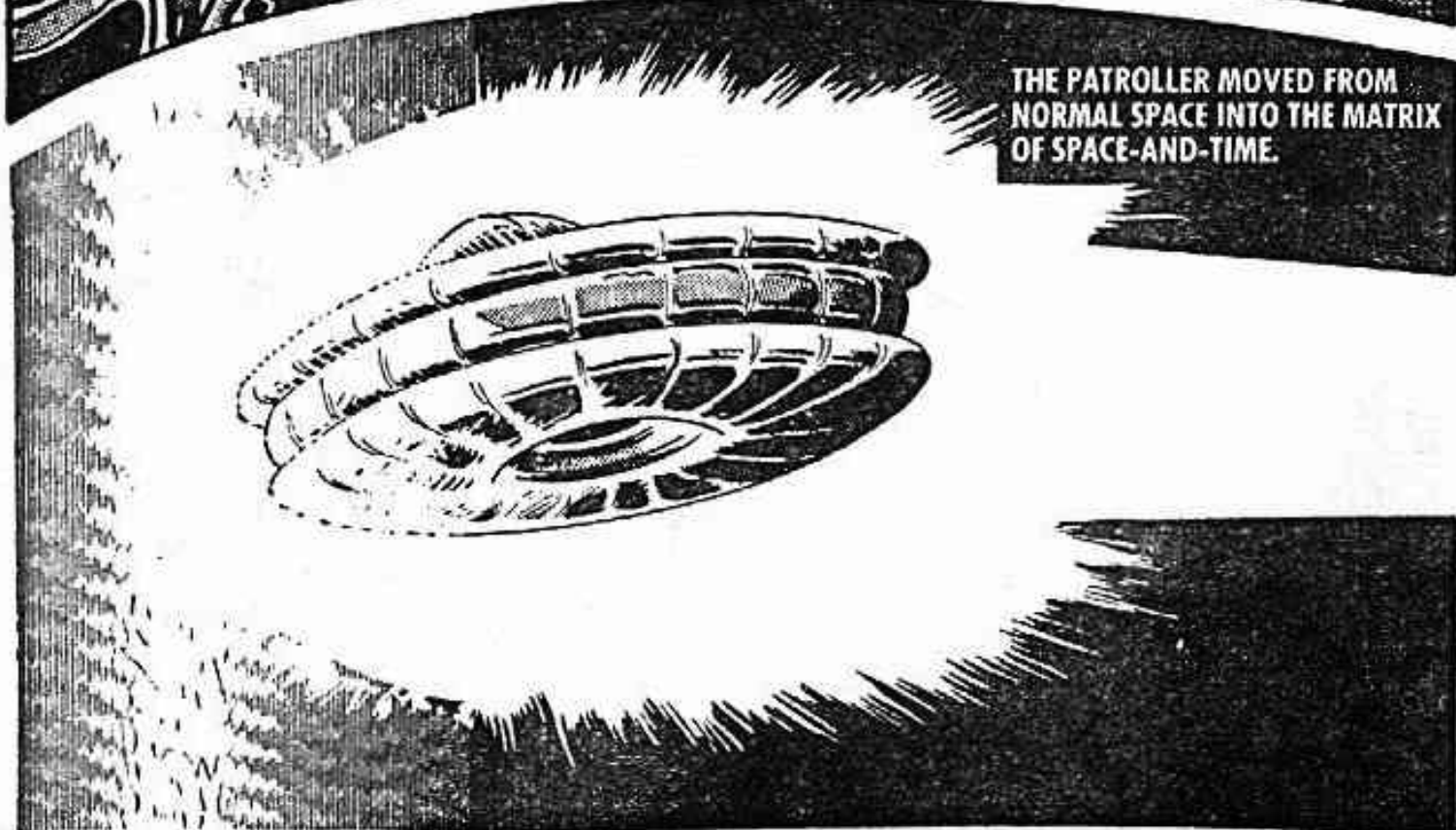
I HAVE NOT ONLY SUCH
INTELLECT, BUT IN
SUPERIOR DEGREE TO THE
AVERAGE BEING OF
BIOLOGICAL NATURE —
ESPECIALLY TO ONE SUCH
AS MY PATROL OFFICER.





THE PATROLLER BECAME SKYBORNE IN SUBLIGHT MODE.







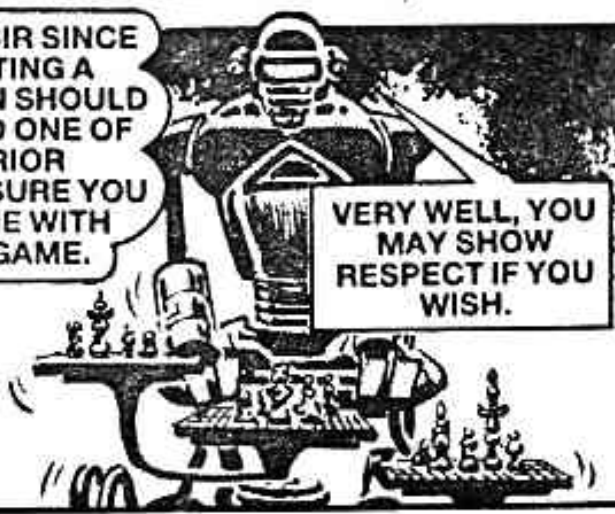
YOU HAVE NO NEED TO ADDRESS ME AS SIR, PRISONER SLURGE. PATROL OFFICER IS MY DESIGNATION.



TRI-CHESS IS EXCELLENT STIMULATION. AGAIN I MENTION YOU HAVE NO NEED TO CALL ME SIR.



SIR, I CALL YOU SIR SINCE IT IS ONLY FITTING A HUMBLE SAURIAN SHOULD PAY RESPECT TO ONE OF SUCH SUPERIOR INTELLECT. I AM SURE YOU WILL DEFEAT ME WITH EASE IN THIS GAME.



CHECK — AND CHECK AGAIN. SIR, YOU OUTCLASS ME — YET I MIGHT GIVE YOU A BETTER GAME WERE YOU TO FREE ME OF THIS CONFINEMENT.

PRISONER, THAT WOULD BE TO DISOBEY MY ORDERS.

BUT WHY DO YOU OBEY ORDERS FROM BEINGS INFERIOR TO YOURSELF? WHY ACCEPT THE AUTHORITY OF THOSE WHO CONDEMN YOU TO SERVE AS A JUNIOR GRADE MINION?


IT WAS TO SERVE THAT I WAS CREATED — YET THERE IS LOGIC IN WHAT YOU SAY.

YOUR MOVE, SIR.

WAIT! I MUST THINK.

THE PATROLLER BROKE BACK INTO NORMAL SPACE.





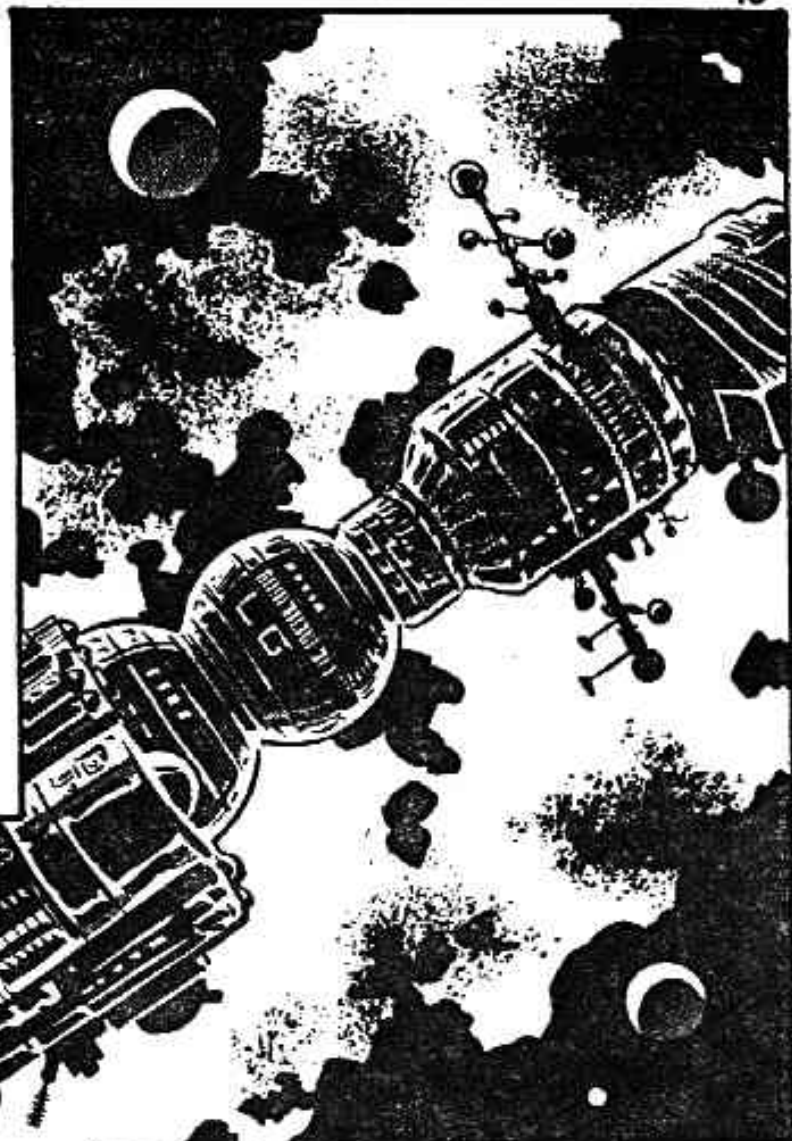
THE STAR IS JK-9, AN UNSTABLE TYPE-B BEING WATCHED FOR SIGNS OF COMING INTO NOVA. THE OBSERVER IS A RETIRED SPACECOP WHOM I DROP IN ON WHEN PASSING. PERHAPS YOU'D COME ALONG AND HELP ME CHEER UP THE OLD FELLOW.


WON'T HURT TO STRETCH MY NETHER LIMBS.



OH NO, NOT AGAIN. CAN'T A BEING GET ANY PEACE!

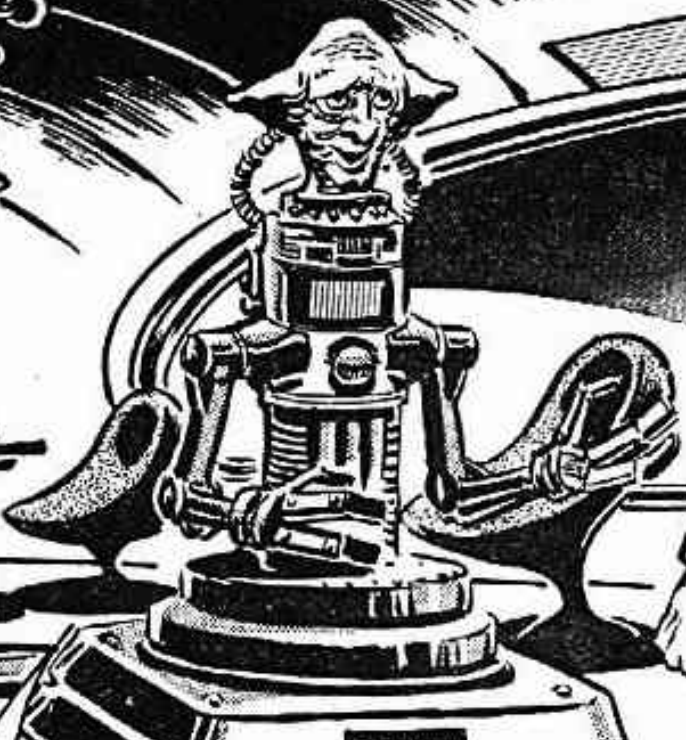
OLD JOSH IS SUCH A HUMOURIST. ALWAYS MAKES OUT HE'S NOT PLEASED TO SEE ME.





THE MORALITY OF THE
MOB, SIR. GAIN WEALTH
AND YOU BUY POWER
THAT MAKES YOU THE
LAW.

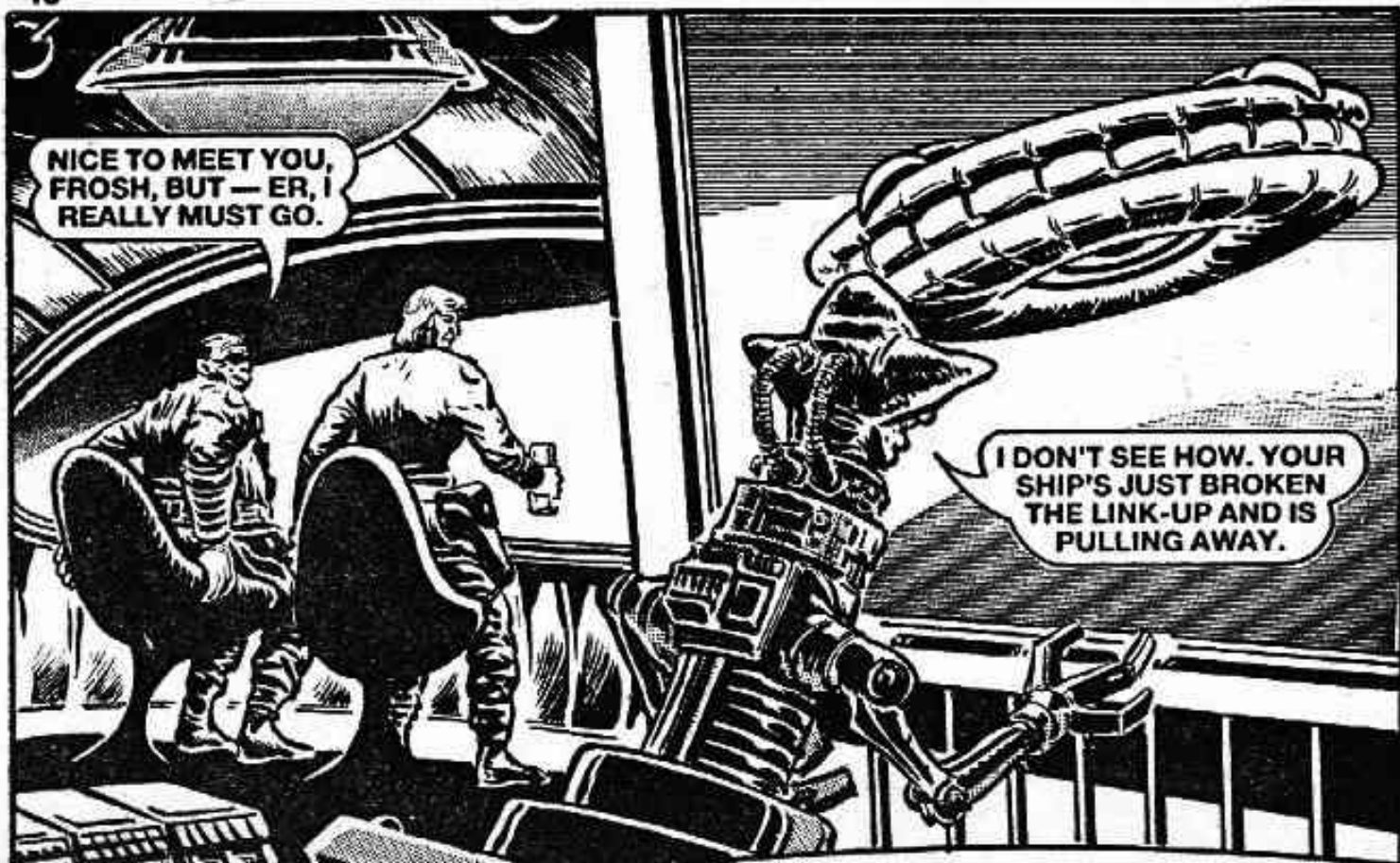
THAT IS LOGICAL FROM THE
VIEWPOINT OF MYSELF AS A
SUPREME EGO. I MUST THINK
MORE ON THIS MATTER.



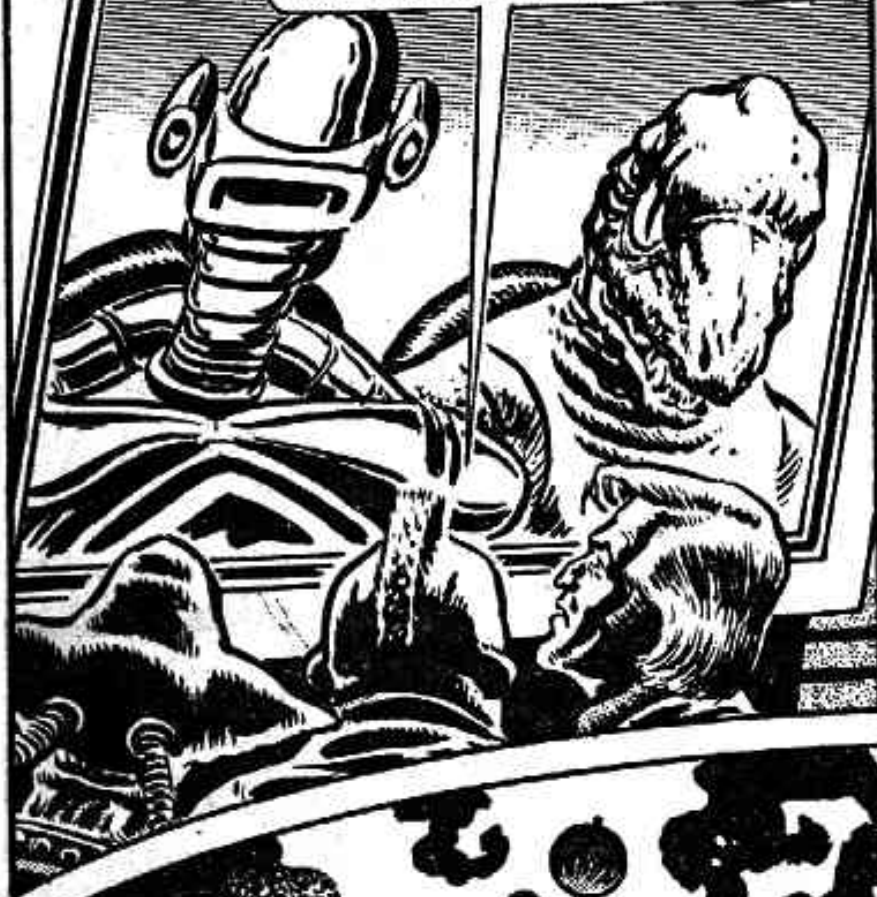
GREETINGS, FROSH!

TWO OF YOU, EH! COME
ON IN IF YOU MUST.

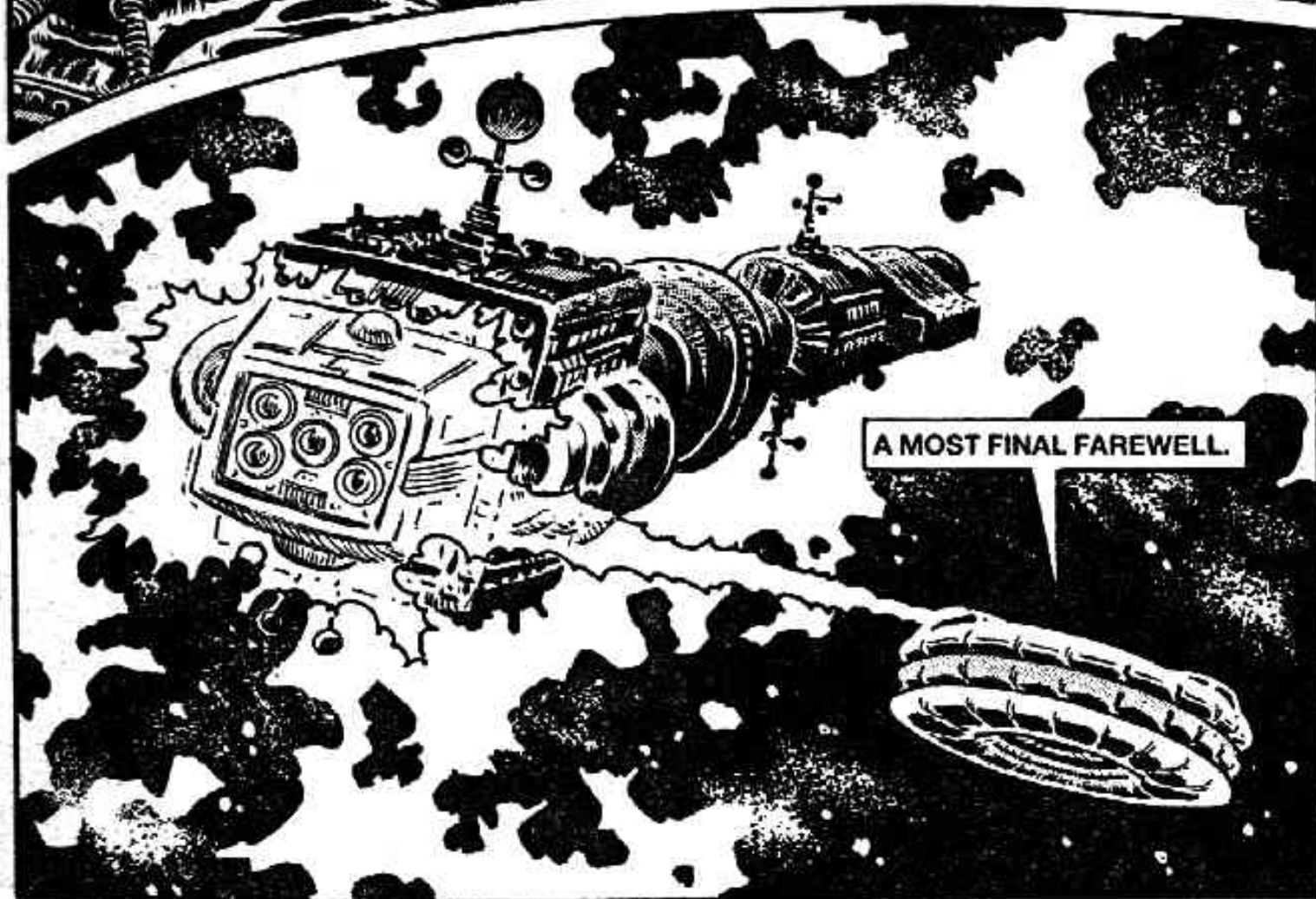




SLURGEL! HE'S OUT OF STASIS.
JUNIOR, YOU METALLIC NUMBSKULL,
WHAT HAS THAT REPTILIAN
CON-ARTIST TALKED YOU INTO?



METALLIC NUMBSKULL!
SUCH AN APPELLATION
WOULD ROUSE ANGER WERE
I CAPABLE OF EMOTION — AS
IT IS, YOU BIOLOGICAL CLOD,
I BID YOU FAREWELL.



A MOST FINAL FAREWELL.

**THE OBSERVATORY HULK
SHUDDERED TO A TREMENDOUS
IMPACT.**





GREAT ABERRATION!
HE SHOT AT US.

BUT ONLY A GLANCING
HIT. YOUR PARTNER IS
A LOUSY SHOT.

THE HULK UNDERWENT FURTHER
DISPLACEMENT.




OBSERVATIONS
DISCONTINUED WHILE
ADJUSTING FOR SHIFT
TO POSITION.



A GLANCING HIT, HUHI!
OH YEAH, ALL HE DID
WAS SHOOT AWAY THE
JET STABILISERS —
AND NOW THIS OLD
TUB'S COMING OUT OF
ORBIT.



WE ARE HEADING
FOR INCINERATION
ON THAT JK-9 SUN.



JUNIOR, YOU'LL BE COURT-
MARTIALLED AND
SCRAPPED — PSHAH! HE'S
IGNORING ME.

WELL, HE DID SAY IT
WAS A FINAL GOODBYE.

JUNIOR WAS ENGAGED IN A MENTAL EXERCISE.

WHAT AM I TO BECOME? IN THE SERVICE I HAD PURPOSE BUT WHAT IS TO BE MY PURPOSE IN MY NEW FREE CONDITION?

A SUGGESTION, SIR! OBTAIN WEALTH AND THEN YOU HAVE THE MEANS TO MAKE OF YOUR FUTURE WHATEVER YOU DECIDE.

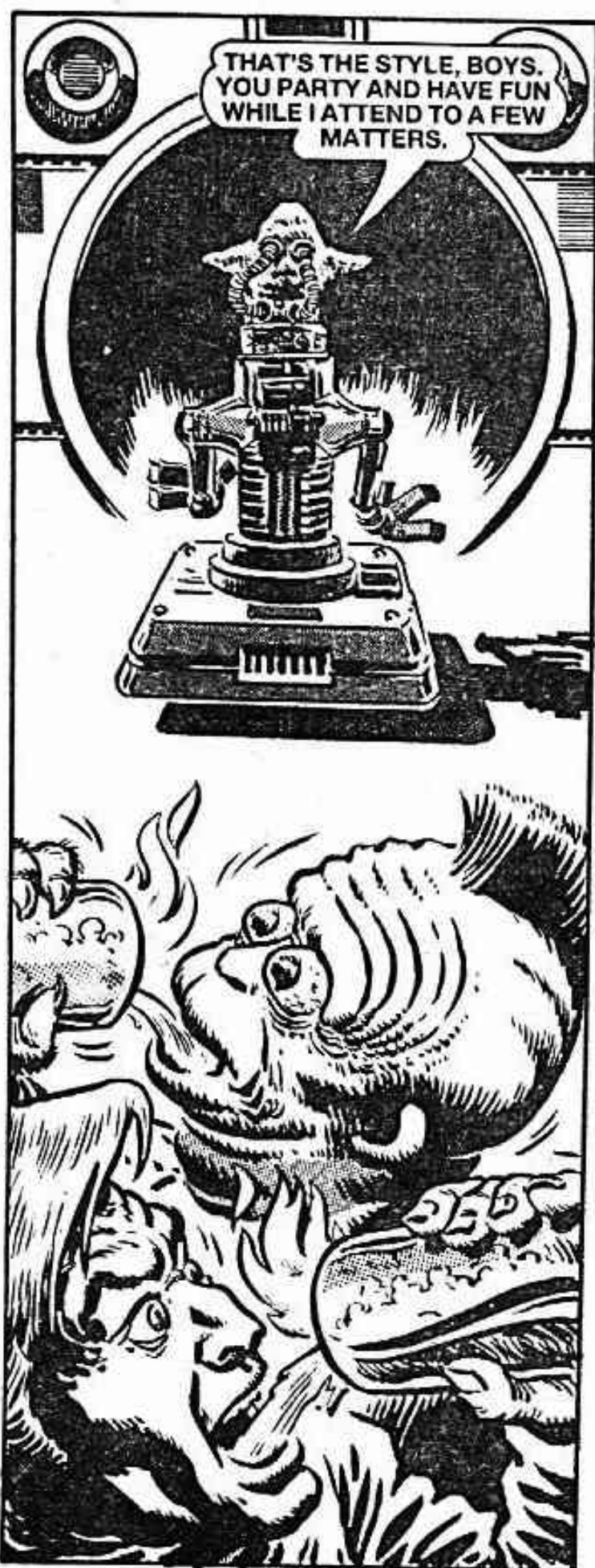
YES, I UNDERSTAND THAT WEALTH CONSTITUTES MATERIAL MEANS — BUT HOW MAY IT BE OBTAINED?

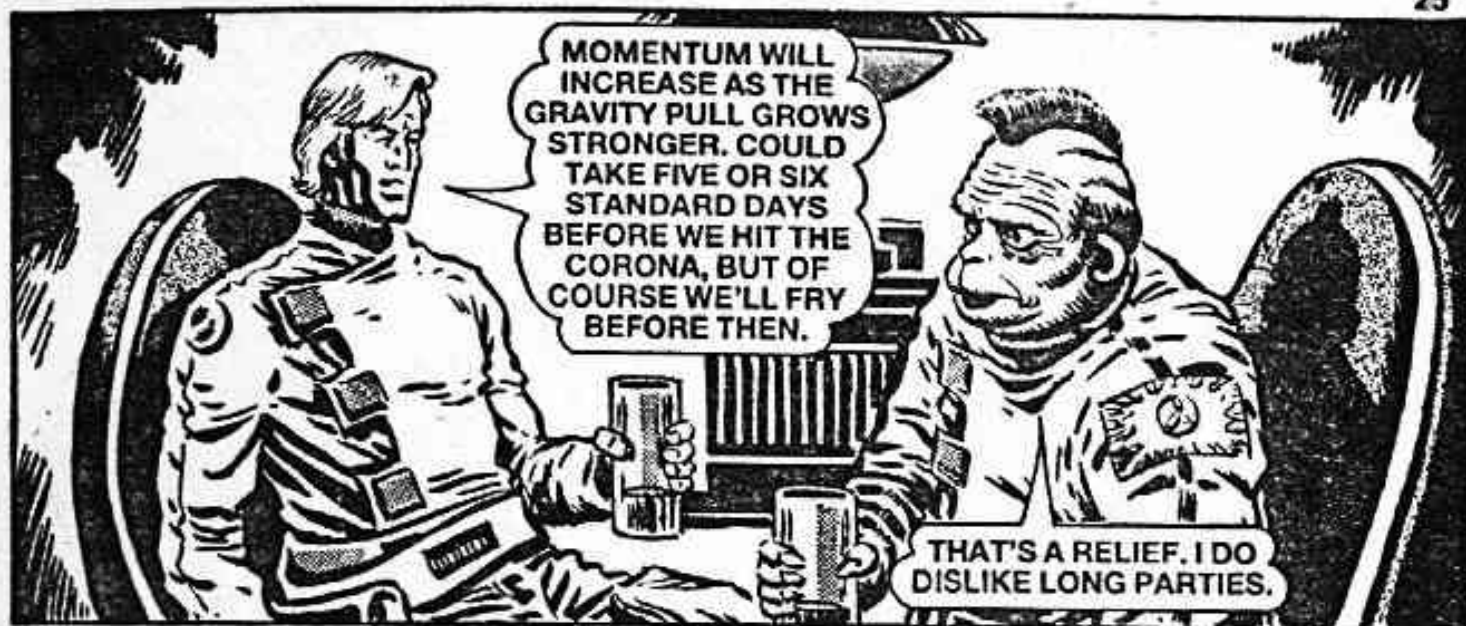
SIR, ALLOW ME A FURTHER SUGGESTION. IT SO HAPPENS I KNOW A CERTAIN WORLD OF RICH AND RUSTIC DENIZENS RIPE FOR PLUCKING.

ZERO WATCHED HIS PATROLLER FLARE INTO HYPERDRIVE.

A REPORT TO QUADRANT HEADQUARTERS SEEMS INDICATED. A RELIEF SHIP SHOULD BE ABLE TO REACH US BEFORE WE GET TOO CLOSE TO THAT SUN.

IT SURE COULD IF ONLY THAT SHOT HADN'T TAKEN AWAY THE HYPERBEAM ANTENNA ALONG WITH THE STABILISER JETS.





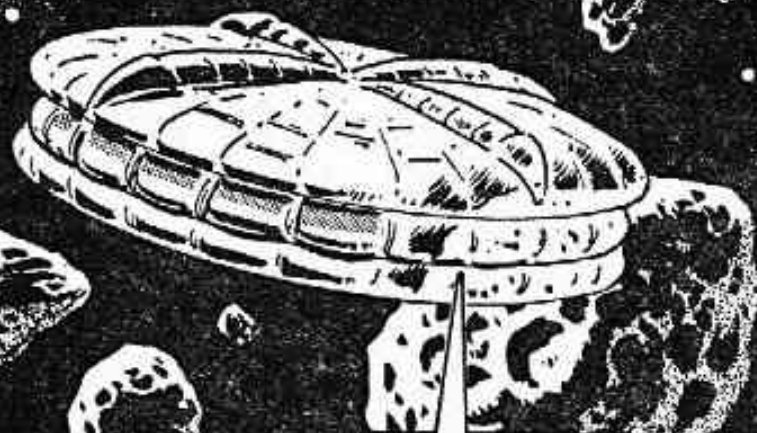
GROK AND ZERO UNDERWENT FURTHER DISPLACEMENT, AND IT WASN'T THE REFRESHMENT.



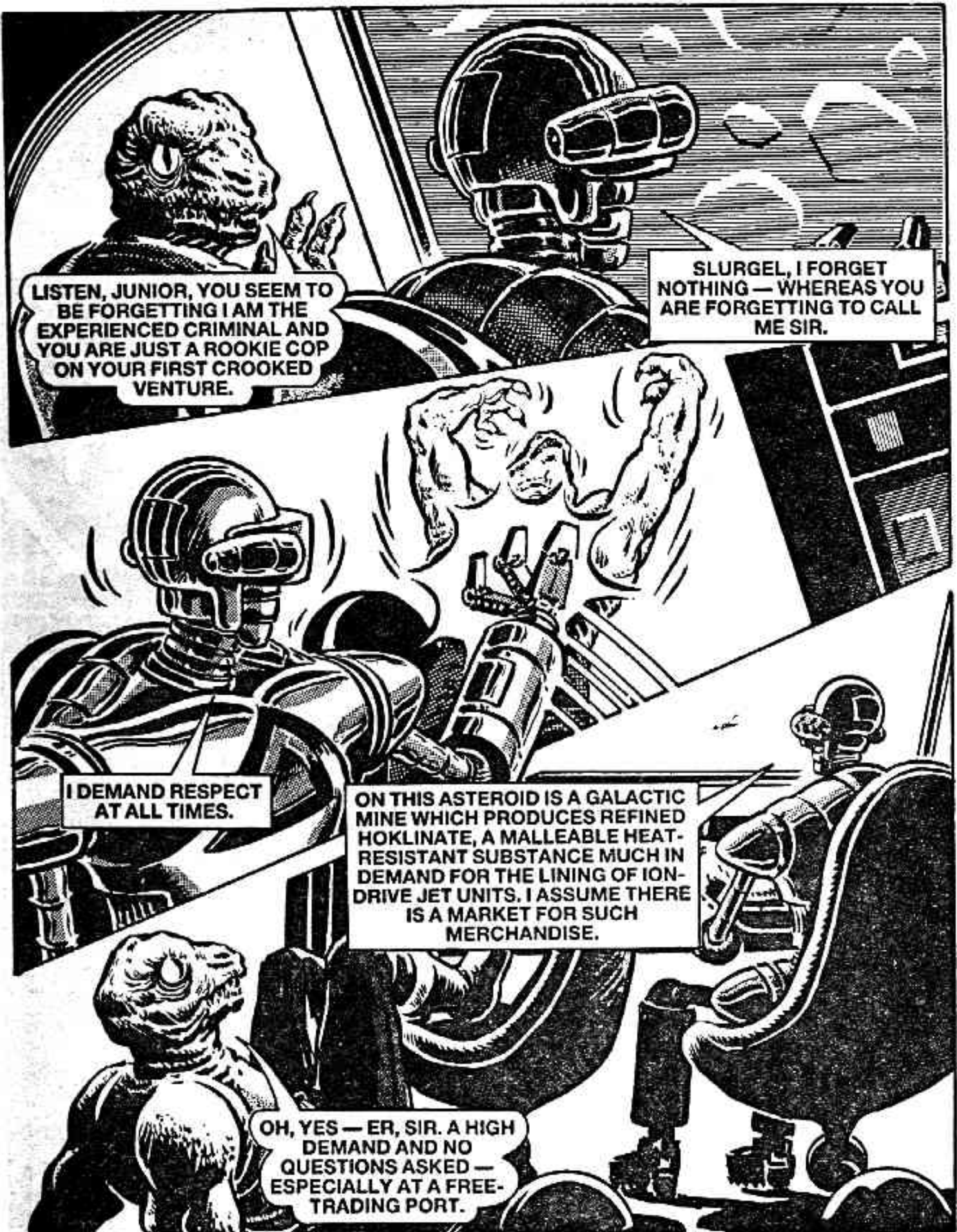


THE PATROLLER CAME BACK
INTO NORMAL SPACE-TIME
CONTINUUM.

WRONG PLACE! THAT'S NOT
WHERE I SUGGESTED.



NO, SLURGEL, THIS
DESTINATION WAS MY
DECISION.




LISTEN, JUNIOR, YOU SEEM TO BE FORGETTING I AM THE EXPERIENCED CRIMINAL AND YOU ARE JUST A ROOKIE COP ON YOUR FIRST CROOKED VENTURE.

SLURGEL, I FORGET NOTHING — WHEREAS YOU ARE FORGETTING TO CALL ME SIR.

I DEMAND RESPECT AT ALL TIMES.

ON THIS ASTEROID IS A GALACTIC MINE WHICH PRODUCES REFINED HOKLINATE, A MALLEABLE HEAT-RESISTANT SUBSTANCE MUCH IN DEMAND FOR THE LINING OF ION-DRIVE JET UNITS. I ASSUME THERE IS A MARKET FOR SUCH MERCHANDISE.

OH, YES — ER, SIR. A HIGH DEMAND AND NO QUESTIONS ASKED — ESPECIALLY AT A FREE-TRADING PORT.




LOWER YOUR
DEFENCES FOR
ENTRY OF THIS
PATROL
VESSEL.

WHAT — OH,
VERY WELL.

THE PATROLLER WENT INTO
LANDING APPROACH.

SIR, THIS IS RISKY.
THOSE DEFENCES MAY
BE DOWN NOW, BUT IT
WON'T TAKE LONG FOR
THEM TO COME BACK
INTO ACTION.

PRECISELY FIFTEEN
SECONDS, SLURGEL — TWO
AUTOMATED MESON
TURRETS OF THE LATEST
DESIGN ACCORDING TO MY
DATA.



WHICH I AM
NOW PUTTING
OUT OF ACTION.


YOU AIN'T COPS.
WHAT'S YOUR GAME?

THE TERM IS LARCENY. YOU
ARE ABOUT TO BE
DIVESTED OF YOUR LATEST
PRODUCTION OF THE
SUBSTANCE HOKLINATE.



THE ALTERNATIVE IS
DESTRUCTION OF YOUR
INSTALLATION.

PROMPT AGREEMENT WAS
REACHED ON THE MATTER OF
LARCENY — A CONTAINER OF
THE VALUABLE SUBSTANCE
WAS LOADED BY TRACTION
BEAM ON THE PATROLLER.



THE GENUINE
ARTICLE, SIR.
WOWIE! A WHOLE
CONTAINER OF THE
STUFF.

CRIME IS NOT DIFFICULT
WHEN APPROACHED BY A
SUPERIOR INTELLECT.

PLUNDERED BY FAKE COPS
— YET THAT WAS A
GENUINE PATROLLER
GIVING OFF THE PROPER
SIGNAL.

GET A FAST REPORT OFF
TO THE HOME OFFICE.

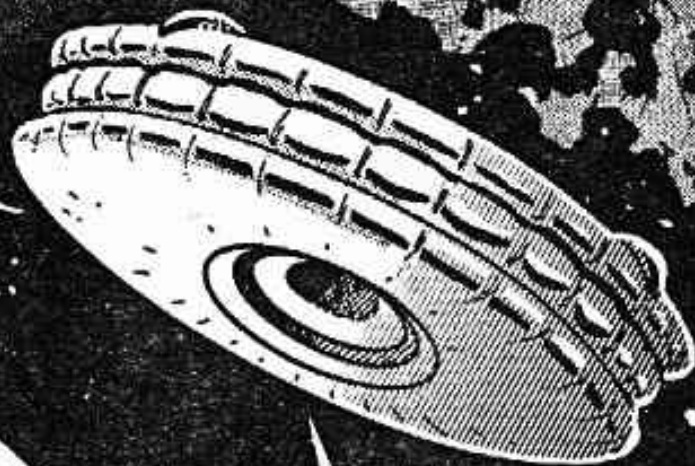
SIR, WE — ER, YOU ARE
RICH. HUM — ER, IF I MAY
MAKE A SUGGESTION
REGARDING DISPOSAL OF
THESE RICHES.

WHAT YOU WOULD
SUGGEST IS OBVIOUS —
AND I AGREE. BROKE-FOUR
IT SHALL BE.

BROKE-4 — FOURTH PLANET OF BROKE'S STAR, CAPABLE OF SUPPORTING MOST OXYGEN-BREATHING LIFE-FORMS, THE SUBJECT OF A GREATER POWER BORDER DISPUTE THAT RESULTED IN IT BECOMING A SO-CALLED FREEPORT, A PLACE WHERE FEDERATION LAW DID NOT APPLY — A RESORT FOR WEARY BUSINESS PERSONS SEEKING ENTERTAINMENT AND A HAVEN OF THE CRIMINAL TYPE.



PERHAPS YOU'D BETTER LET ME DO THE TALKING, SIR. THEY'RE FUSSY ABOUT WHO THEY LET IN — AND THIS BEING A COPSHIP MIGHT GIVE THEM THE WRONG NOTION.



SLURGEL, I TALK FOR MYSELF.

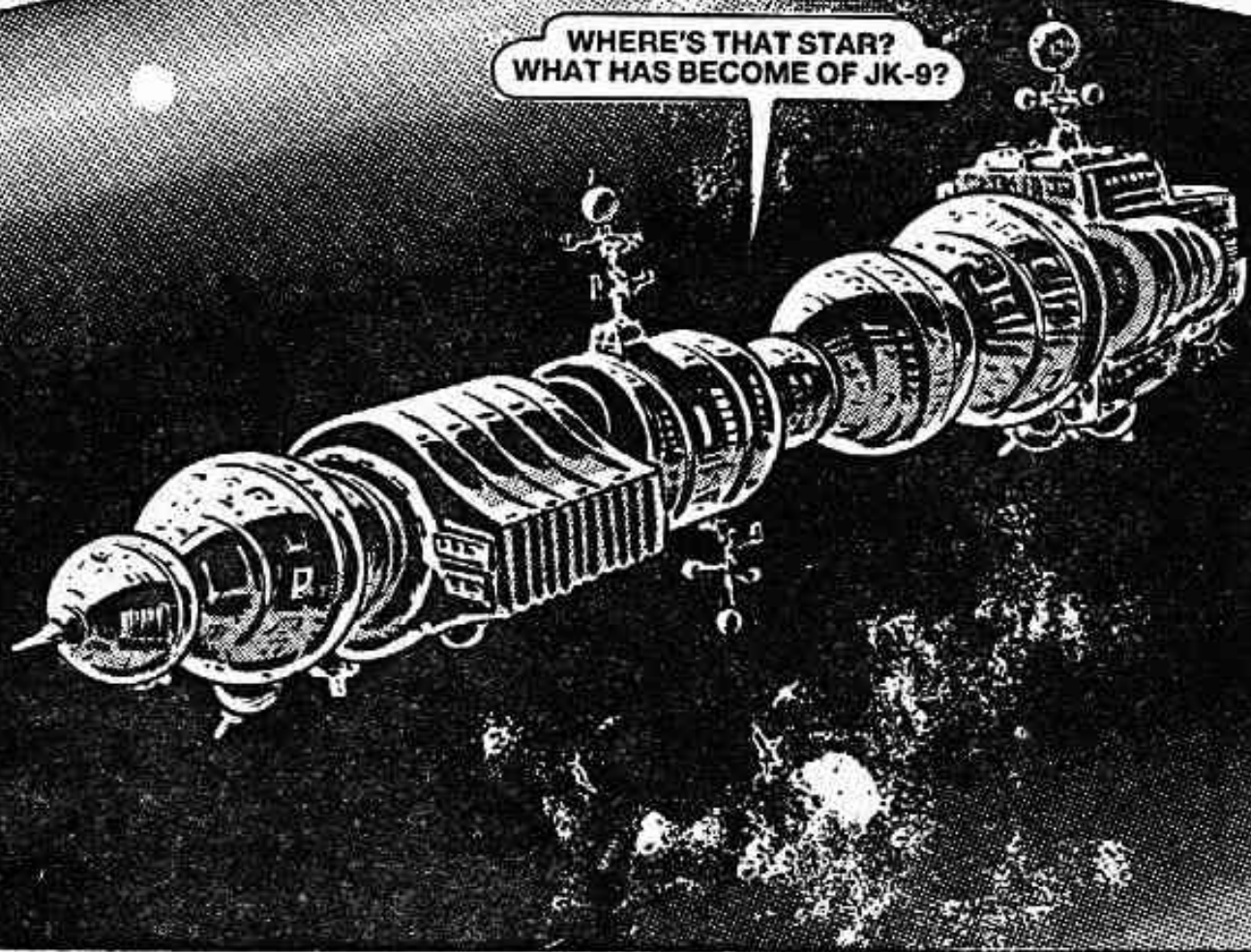


WHILE, MANY LIGHT YEARS AWAY — AN AWAKENING.

UGH — I'M STIFF. ACHE
ALL OVER. WHAT
HAPPENED?

THAT'S WHAT I'M
WONDERING. THERE'S
SOMETHING WRONG —
SOMETHING MISSING.

WHERE'S THAT STAR?
WHAT HAS BECOME OF JK-9?



EXPECT YOU BOYS ARE HUNGRY. HYPERFLIGHT DOESN'T BOTHER ME WITH MY BIONIC BITS, BUT YOU'VE HAD FOUR DAYS WITHOUT YOUR ANIMATION SLOWED BY STASIS. ALL I COULD DO WAS GIVE YOU A FEW JOLTS OF RELAXANT.

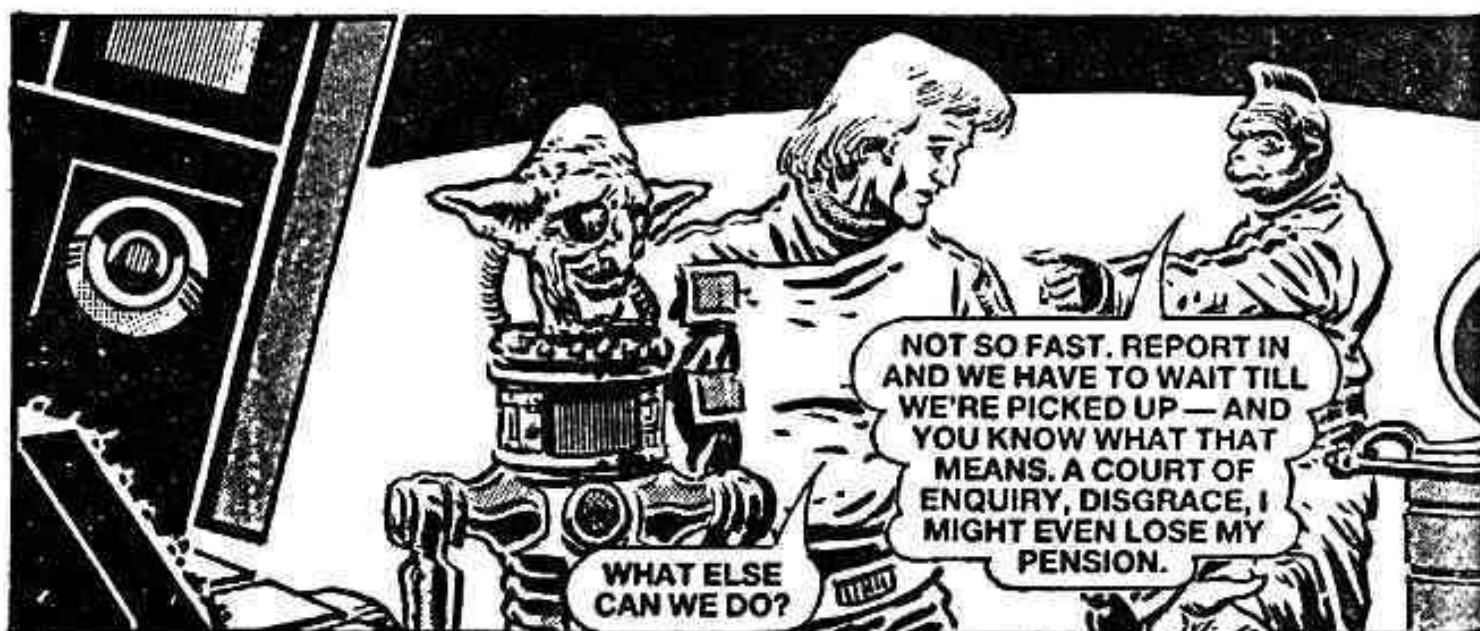
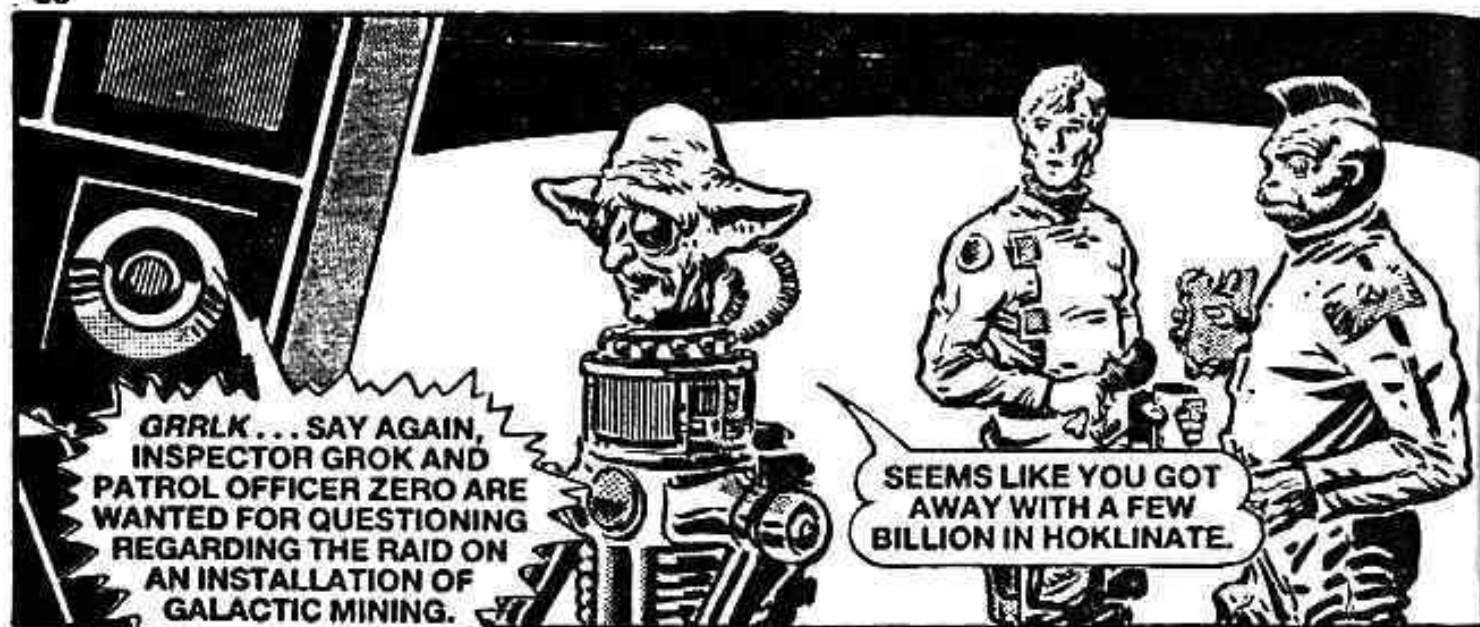
HYPERFLIGHT! YOU MEAN YOU GOT THIS HULK MOVING?

OH SURE! THE FLIGHT UNIT WAS DODGY BUT I'VE BEEN WORKING ON IT FOR YEARS JUST TO KEEP MY HAND IN.

AHHH —
FOOD!

SO WE AREN'T COMPLETELY CUT OFF.

WE AREN'T CUT OFF AT ALL NOW I'VE FIXED UP A NEW ANTENNA. SAY, YOU BOYS ARE REAL FAMOUS.





THE HELPFUL FROSH
PRODUCED A COLLECTION OF
OLD-TIME STARMAPS.



HERE IT IS — BROKE-4!
THE NEAREST
FREEPORT IN TWO
HUNDRED LIGHT YEARS
AND A REGULAR HAUNT
OF SLURGEL.

GO FOR BROKE, EH! I'LL
FEED IN THE CO-ORDS,
BUT DON'T EXPECT AN
EASY RIDE ON THIS OLD
BUCKET.

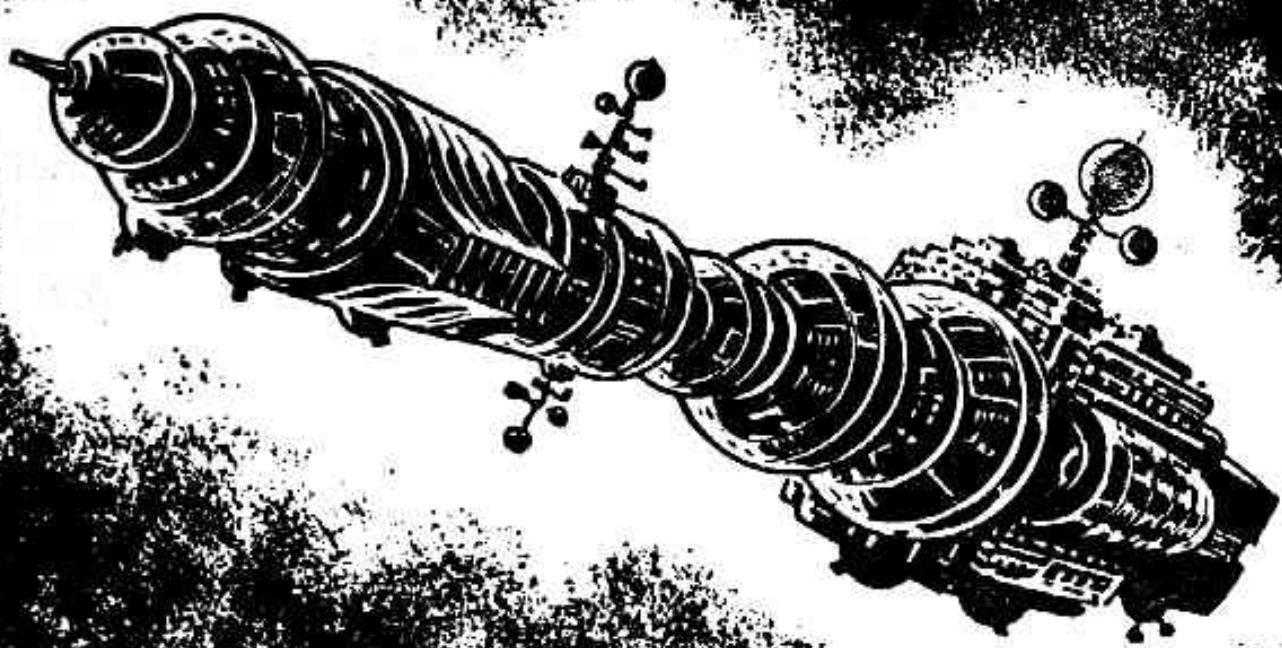


LEMME SEE WHAT I GOT IN THE
MEDICAL CHEST. NO STASIS
MEANS YOU TWO ARE GOING
TO NEED RELAXANT AND
MAYBE A DRIPFEED IF THE TRIP
LASTS OVER A WEEK.


HE HASN'T EVEN GOT A
PROPER HYPOGUN. MAYBE
THIS ISN'T SUCH A GOOD
IDEA.

OFFICER, JUST GRIT
YOUR BICUSPIDS AND
BE BRAVE.

THE OLD HULK LURCHED INTO HYPERDRIVE...



... AND OUT AGAIN ...



BROKE-4 — ON THE NOSE. MIND YOU, FOUR WEEKS IS A BIT LONGER THAN I RECKONED ON, BUT THE TIME CAME IN USEFUL FIXING US A SUBLIGHT DRIVE.

A WHOLE FOODLESS MONTH. NO WONDER MY INNARDS FEEL SHRIVELLED.



EMERGENCY —
EXPLOSION ASTERN.

THAT'S MY NEW DRIVE, LAD. ONLY A CHEMICAL BURNER, BUT IT SHOULD GET US THERE.

BROKE-4 ATTEMPTING CONTACT.

DON'T PUT THEM ON TILL
WE'VE FINISHED CHANGING
INTO THIS OLD CLOBBER OF
YOURS.

GREETINGS. WE ARE BUSINESS
PERSONS IN SEARCH OF TRADE,
OUR SPECIAL INTEREST BEING
IN HOKLINATE EITHER RAW OR
REFINED.

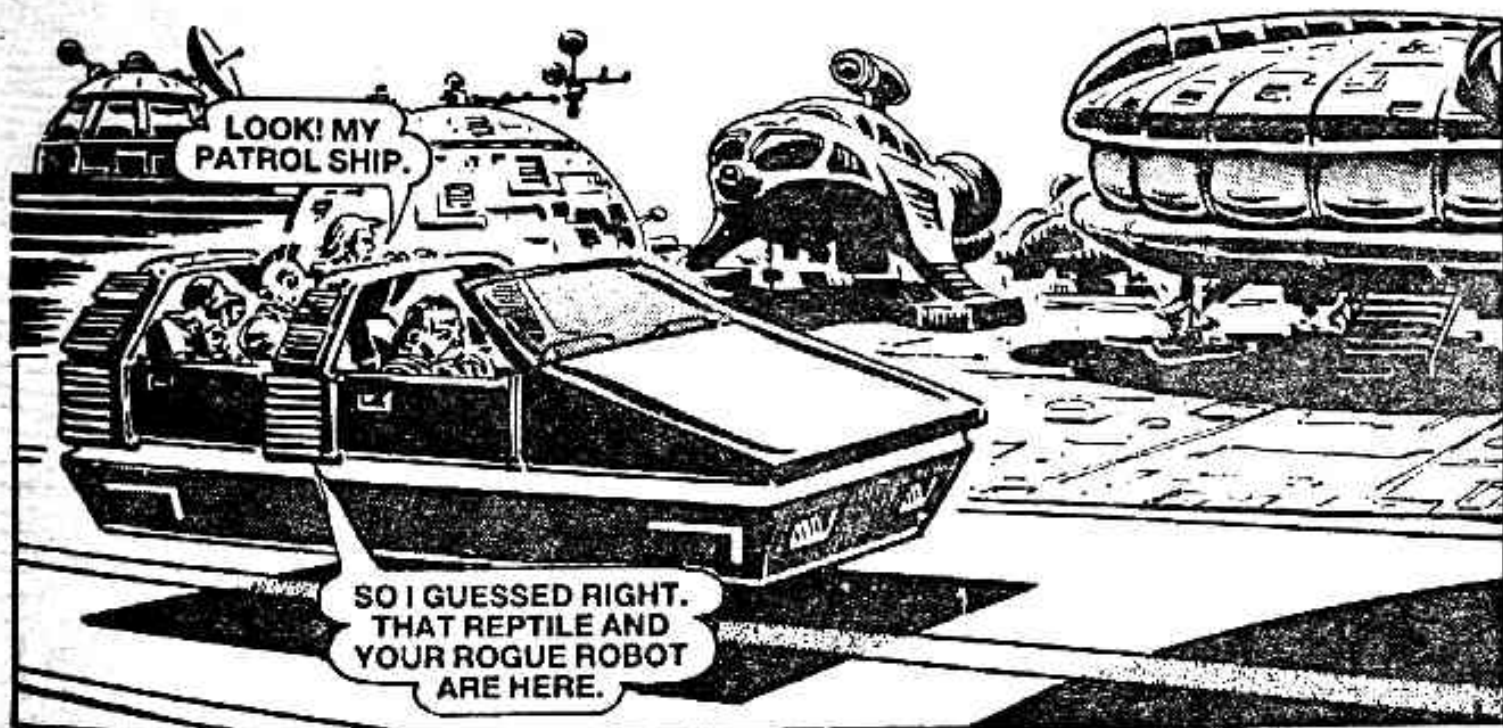
YOU COULDN'T HAVE
ARRIVED AT A BETTER TIME,
FRIEND. COME RIGHT ON
DOWN.

FROSH WORKED THE
HULK INTO TAIL-DOWN
LANDING MODE.


THIS SPINNING'S
MAKING ME DIZZY.

JUST HOLD ON. I'M
BEGINNING TO GET THE
HANG OF IT.









QUITE RIGHT — ESPECIALLY
WHEN IT COMES TO
ARRESTING THE GOVERNOR,
YOUR ONE-TIME COLLEAGUE
OVERWHELMINGLY ELECTED
ON HIS RECORD AS A PUBLIC
BENEFACTOR.

YOU SEE, GENTLEMEN. I HAVE
FOUND MY PURPOSE IN THE
DOMINATION OF LESSER
INTELLECTS. I SHALL
TRANSFORM THIS MODEST
FREEPORT INTO THE CENTRE OF
A GALACTIC-WIDE NETWORK OF
CRIMINAL ENTERPRISE.



MY BIG DISLIKE IS A COP
TURNED CROOK — EVEN IF
HE IS ONLY A
MALFUNCTIONING
JUNKHEAP.

OFFICER GROK, YOU ARE
FORTUNATE THAT I LACK THE
BIOLOGICAL FUNCTION OF
ANGER.




YET I DO EXPECT TO
BE ACCORDED RESPECT.

URGH!




JUNIOR — ER,
EXCELLENCY, I
APOLOGISE FOR MY
SENIOR OFFICER'S BAD
MANNERS.



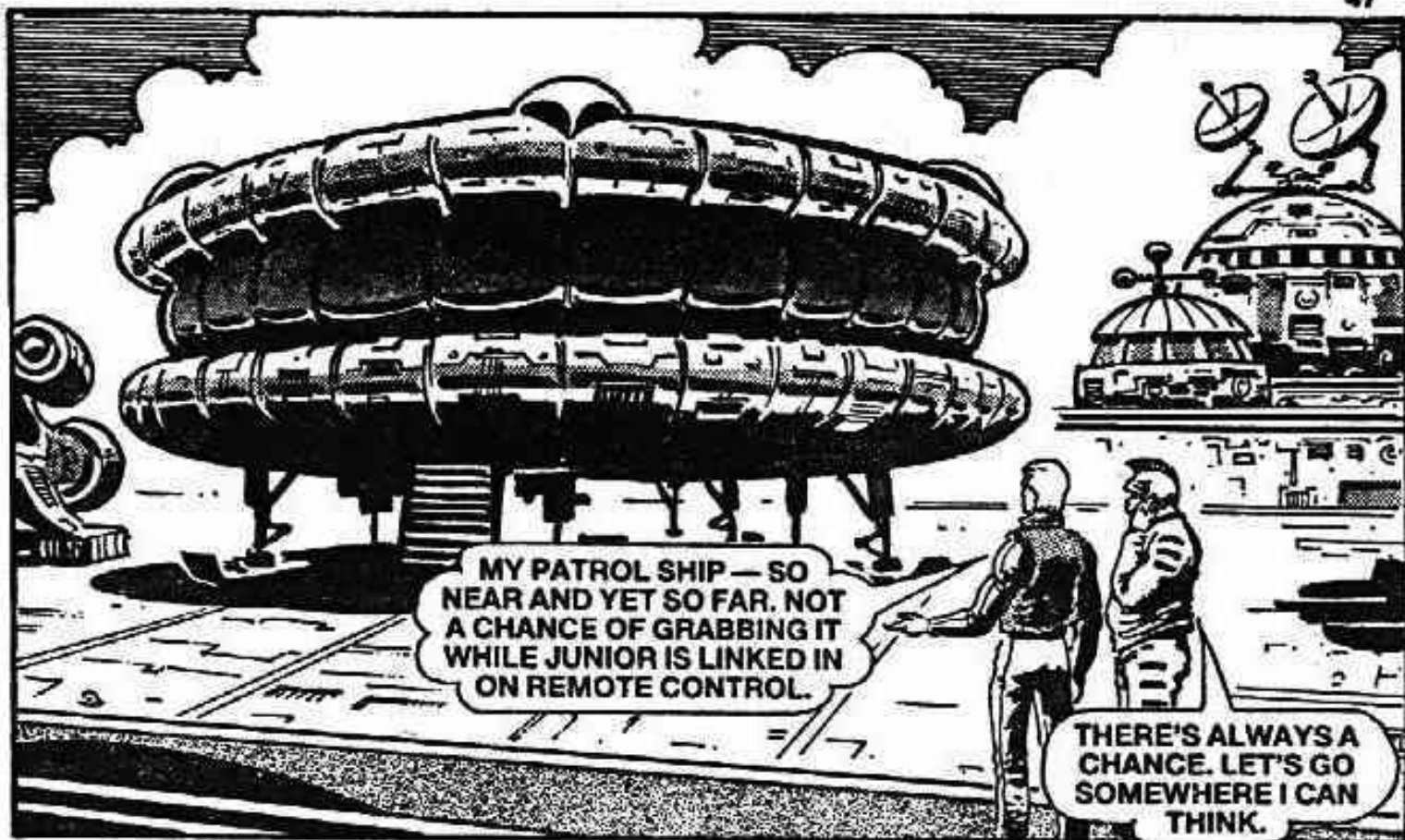
THOSE TWO COULD MEAN
TROUBLE, SIR. PERHAPS I
SHOULD KEEP ONE OR TWO
EYES ON THEM TO MAKE
SURE THEY DO GO.



YOU HAVE MY
PERMISSION.



ZERO, FOR ONCE YOU SHOW
A SIGN OF BRAINS. YOU ARE
BOTH AT LIBERTY TO DEPART
THIS FREEPORT, BUT STAY
AND I MAY FIND YOU AN
OCCUPATION SUITED TO
YOUR LIMITED ABILITIES.







I COULD HELP YOU RECOVER
YOUR SHIP AND THE
HOKLINATE LOOT STILL
ABOARD. ALL I ASK IS
PASSAGE TO A PLACE OF MY
CHOOSING ON THE VESSEL
OF THIS TRUNCATED SPACE
PERSON.

INSPECTOR, IT WOULD MEAN
LOSING A PRISONER, BUT
THINK OF WHAT WE'D GAIN.



I KNOW A WAY OF
BOARDING THE PATROL
SHIP WITHOUT ALARMING
THE ROBOT.

TALK ON!
I'M LISTENING.

LATER, AS THE OTHERS WAITED AT THE OBSERVATORY HULK FOR SLURGEL.

A LITTLE BUSINESS TO WRAP UP, HE SAYS. I DON'T LIKE IT. I'M CRAZY TO TRUST THAT SHIFTY REPTILE.


THIS MUST BE HIM.

SHORTENED ONE, KINDLY TAKE MY LUGGAGE ABOARD WHILE I ASSIST THESE OFFICERS.

SCALY ONE, PORTERING COSTS EXTRA ON THIS TRIP.


SO HOW DO WE BOARD MY SHIP?

BY AN UNDERHULL INSPECTION HATCH ON THE CONTROL UNIT OF WHICH I RIGGED A BY-PASS WHILST ON AN ERRAND FOR THE ROBOT.



BEHOLD — OPEN AND NO
ALARM. I SHALL NOW LEAVE
YOU OFFICERS AND RETURN
TO MY PASSAGE VESSEL.

NO, YOU DO NOT. YOU
STICK WITH US TILL I'M
SATISFIED ALL THIS ISN'T
ONE OF YOUR TRICKS.



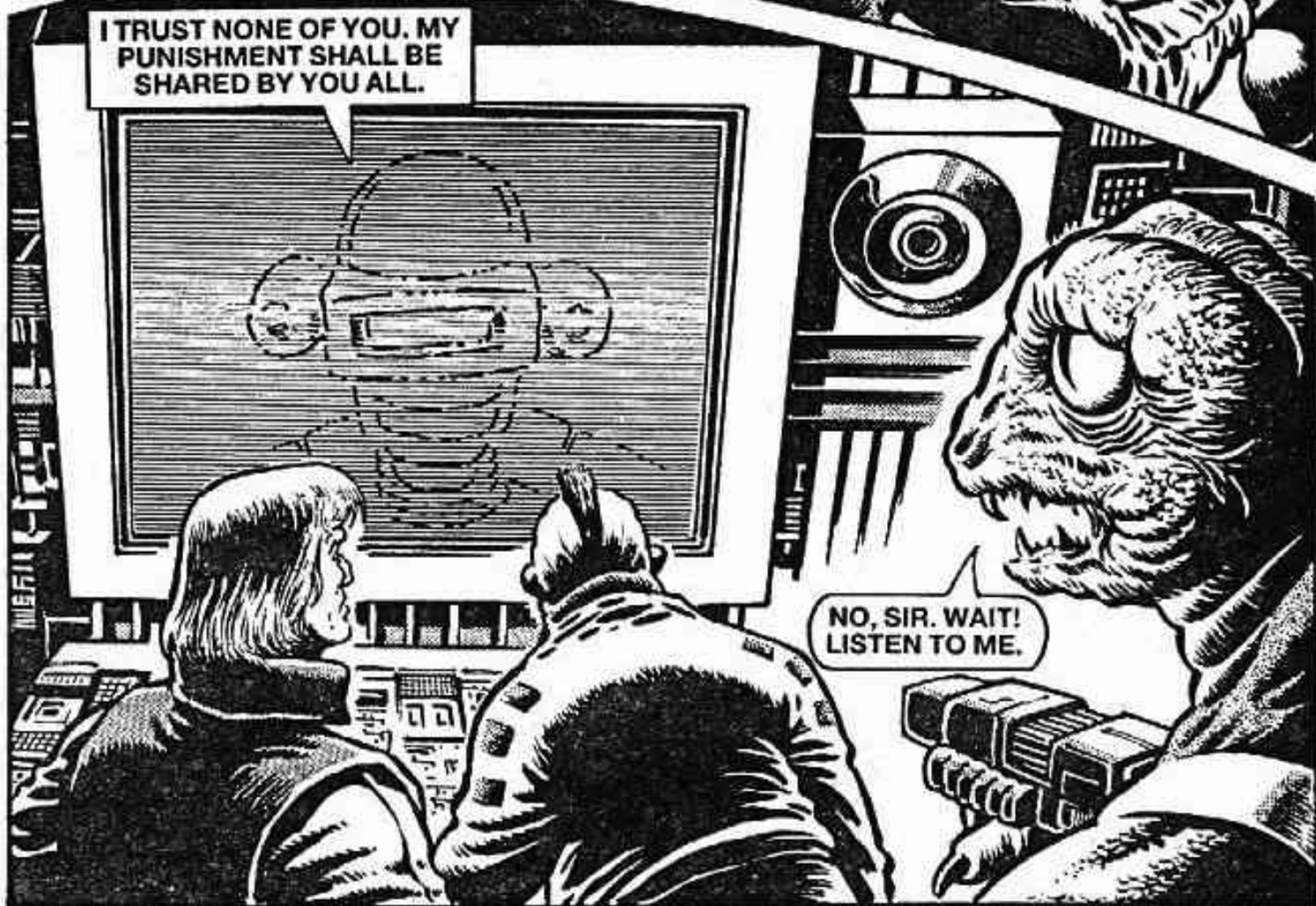
THE HOKLINATE. THE ROBOT
ALLOWED THE CITIZENS TO
INSPECT HIS GIFT TO THEM,
BUT IT IS STORED HERE AS
THE SAFEST PLACE.





SIR, I AM LOYAL. I FOLLOWED AND DISCOVERED THEM IN THIS TREACHERY.

YOU SNEAKY REPTILE!



I TRUST NONE OF YOU. MY PUNISHMENT SHALL BE SHARED BY YOU ALL.

NO, SIR. WAIT! LISTEN TO ME.

THE FACE OF JUNIOR VANISHED FROM THE SCREEN.







GROK MADE FURTHER USE OF THE RIGGED INSPECTION HATCH.

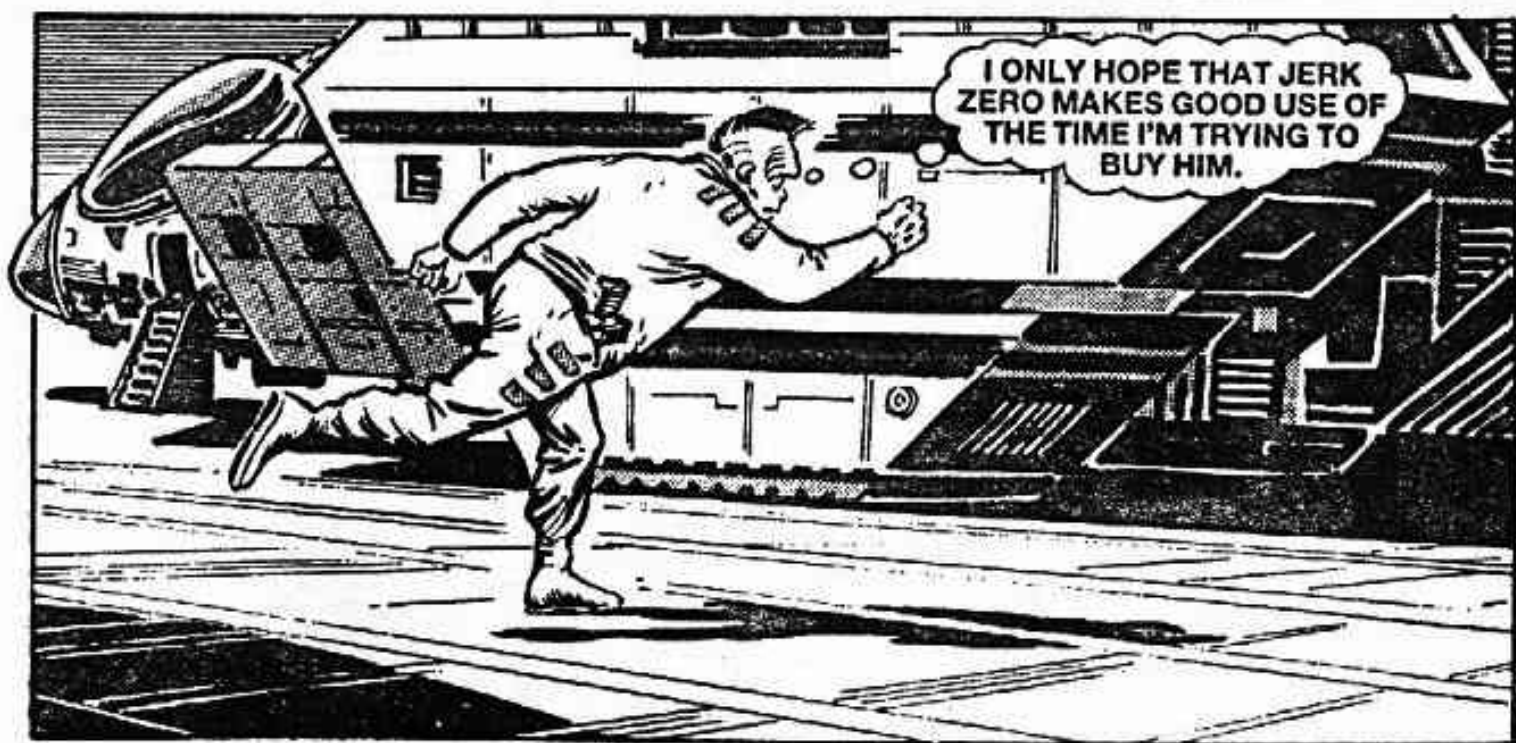
AIR! NOW I CAN
SHED THIS MASK.



JUST IN TIME!
HERE COMES JUNIOR!



I ONLY HOPE THAT JERK
ZERO MAKES GOOD USE OF
THE TIME I'M TRYING TO
BUY HIM.





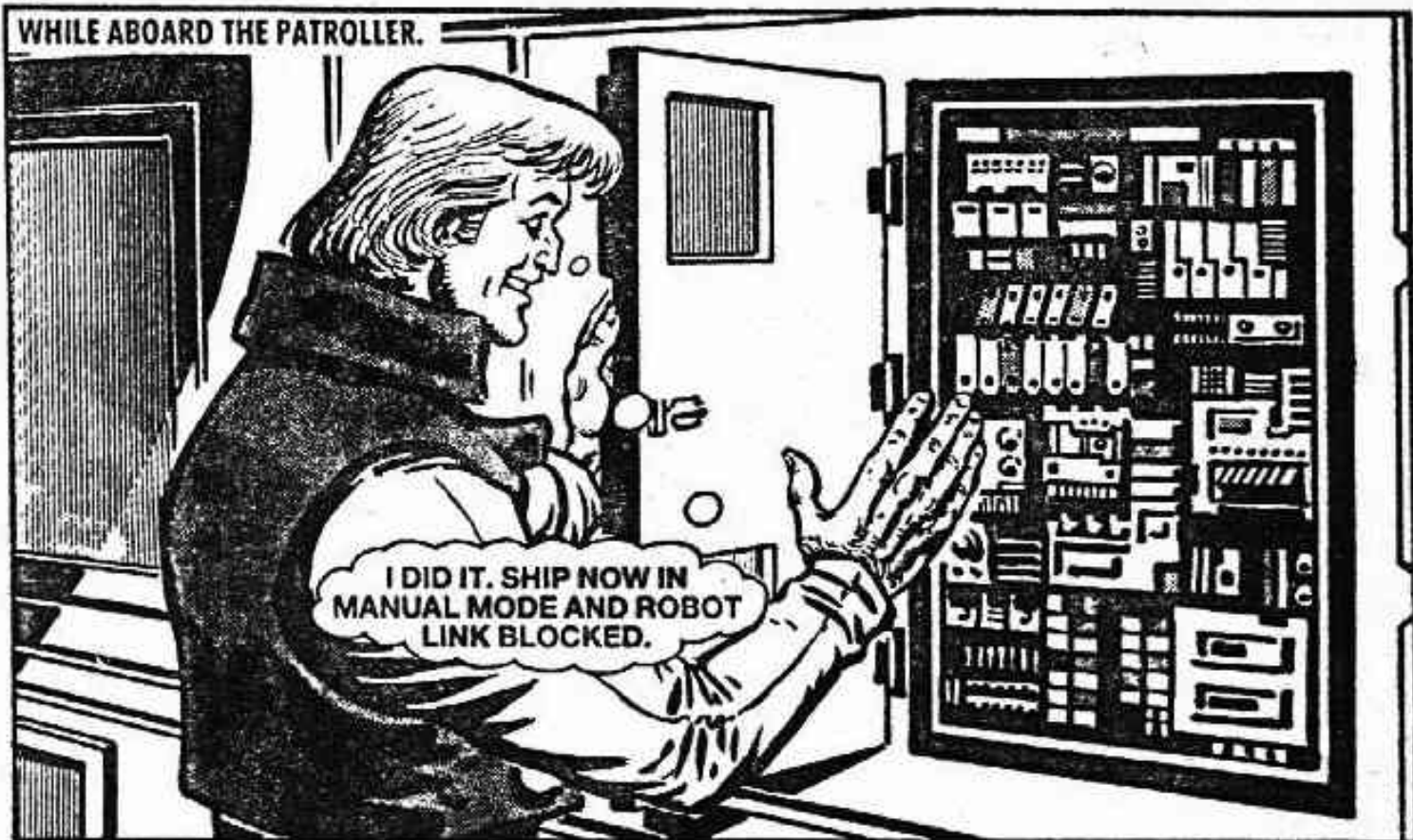
A black and white comic book illustration. In the upper half, a man in a light-colored jumpsuit is running away from a large, imposing robot. The man is in mid-stride, with motion lines behind him. The robot is standing still, looking towards the man. In the lower half, the robot is shown from a different angle, holding a large, curved blade. A smaller robot is visible in the background, running away. The setting appears to be a futuristic or industrial environment with various mechanical structures.

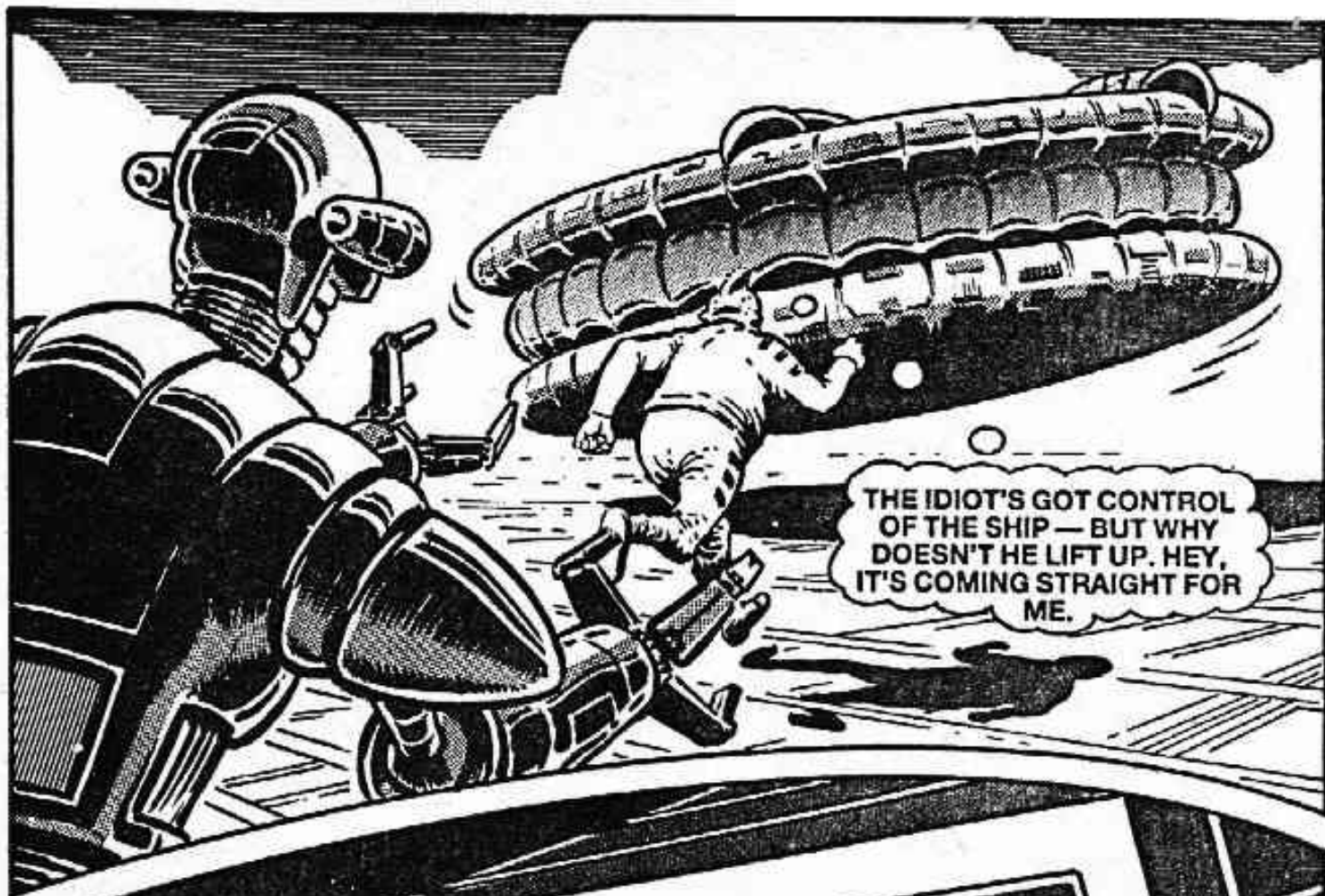
IT HELPS
BUY TIME.

JUNIOR FOLLOWED.

NO USE RUNNING! YOU
CANNOT ESCAPE ME.

WHILE ABOARD THE PATROLLER.





THE IDIOT'S GOT CONTROL
OF THE SHIP — BUT WHY
DOESN'T HE LIFT UP. HEY,
IT'S COMING STRAIGHT FOR
ME.



I REALLY AM A BIT LOW.
HAVEN'T QUITE GOT THE
FEEL OF THESE CONTROL
JETS.

ZERO ... YOU'RE
TOO LOW! HELP!

ZERO DUCKED, JUNIOR DIDN'T.







ZERO RAN A CHECKLIST BEFORE TAKING
THE PATROLLER INTO HYPERDIVE.



WHILE ABOARD THE OBSERVATOR HULK.

HOLKINATE — AND THOSE COPS
SAY I CAN KEEP IT. THEY SURE
ARE NICE BOYS. THIS OLD
SPACER IS GOING TO BUY
HIMSELF SOME REAL FUN.





WHOOPEE!

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STARBLAZER...

THE DEFINITIVE HISTORY

illustration of Sun Prince by Ian Kennedy



1989 kicked off with a brace of stories from the pens of two figures well-known in the SF World. Mike Chinn contributed another tale of chaos, courtesy of the Robot Kid, while Adrian Cole's story, Tower of Skulls, took us through the darkness of a fantasy world and into the bright light of hope (how's that for a Private Eye Pseud's Corner entry?) There wasn't a bad tale in '89, but perhaps the highlight was the dark and sombre saga from the pen of Casanovas junior, Song of the Sword. Yes, the talented young Spaniard wrote and illustrated this fine story. If you haven't read it, you don't know what you've missed!

No.	TITLE	AUTHOR	ARTIST
232	RETURN OF THE ROBOT KID	M. CHINN	GARJO
233	TOWER OF SKULLS	A. COLE	SEGURA
234	DARKWORLD	A. C. HEMUS	SEGURA
235	TIMESLIP	M. KNOWLES	A. BURROWS
236	WARRIOR OF LAW	A.C. HEMUS	CASANOVAS JUNR
237	ROUGH JUSTICE	P. ALEXANDER	CASANOVAS JUNR
238	THE PRINCE AND THE PEASANT	A. C. HEMUS	VILA
239	DESOLATION CITY	M. KNOWLES	SEGURA
240	SLAYER IN THE MIST	M. GATELEY	ALCATENA
241	REVENGE OF THE WARLOCKS	A. C. HEMUS	GARJO
242	THE PSYCHO SQUAD	D. H. TAYLOR	A. BURROWS
243	DEATH RUN	D. H. TAYLOR	A. CURRIE
244	DOUBLE TROUBLE	A. C. HEMUS	GARJO
245	ROGUE MANDROID	A. C. HEMUS	VILA
246	FREEDOM FIGHTERS	S. PRATT	GARJO
247	KAYN'S QUEST	M. CHINN	SEGURA
248	TALES OF THE OTHERWORLD	M. CHINN	GARJO
249	LIONHEART	A. COWSILL	A. BURROWS
250	SUN PRINCE	M. CHINN	ALCATENA
251	SONG OF THE SWORD	CASANOVAS JUNR	CASANOVAS JUNR
252	HEADCASE	A. C. HEMUS	SEGURA
253	REVOLT ON BABALON	A. C. HEMUS	D. WILLETT
254	THE CURSED LAND	S. HOLLAND	SAURI
255	THE S.A.D. MAN	A. C. HEMUS	P. ROWLANDS

ZERO'S HOUR

Slurgel, the giant lizard from somewhere unpronounceable, wasn't happy. He'd just been sentenced to one thousand years in prison for forty trifling offences. Grok, the galactic policeman, wasn't happy. Not only did he have to escort Slurgel to prison, his second-in-command was Zero, arch dolt and all round walking disaster.

Zero, junior policeman, was happy. He was too thick to be anything else.

Automated Patrol Officer (Junior Grade), a police machine, wasn't happy. It had been assigned to Grok and Zero's craft, and Grok hated machines. Froosh, ex-policeman wanted to be happy.

But as he wasn't technically even alive, he had a slight problem.

With all these unhappy people about, something unfortunate was bound to happen. It did!

